

Poet's Corner

TO MOM

We are sad within our memory,
Lonely are our hearts today,
For the one we loved so dearly,
Has forever been called away.

We think of him in silence—
No eye may see us weep,
But many silent tears are shed
When others are asleep.

With all my love,
Shari Pridemore,
212 Gage Road,
Klamath Falls, Ore.

LOVE LETTERS FROM HEAVEN TO MOM

Frank's been gone three weeks,
Mom,
Though it doesn't seem quite true,
And yet—I know—he is ever near
to you.

I believe he writes you letters,
Even though you are apart,
And I feel that our "Great Post-
man"
Sends them straight into your
heart.

Each letter, thus, a memory,
Perhaps a thousand fold
Of tender years together,
And a heart of purest gold.

And so, while you seem lonely,
And weep a little too,
Beautiful letters from Heaven
Are on their way to you.

With all my love,
Shari Pridemore,
212 Gage Road,
Klamath Falls, Ore.

ONLY HIS MOTHER KNOWS (To Our Son Frank)

It matters not to her that he was
A husband and father all in one,
She loved him 'cause he was still
Her son.
Families grow and drift apart,
And things like this break a
mother's heart.
Years pass swiftly, and roll on
and on,
And in one brief moment our son
was gone.

Only she knows the tears that are
shed,
And the lonely years to come
ahead,
She works and prays in untrained
grief,
'Cause work, however clumsy,
brings relief,
It isn't just death makes a body
sad,
It's not to have done what you
wish you had,
She has known him since birth,
And knows only too well what he
was worth.

Memories of happy years, that's
wonderful and sweet.

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His cheerfulness and courage that
never knew defeat.

He loved the outdoors even as a
boy.

Anything that flew or swam
Was his to enjoy.

When only seven, he had the
fishing lust.

He fished, not with worms,
But with old bread crusts.

His first wild goose with it's head
over

His shoulder and feet dragging on
the ground,

A more likely hunter couldn't be
found.

His face beaming with pride,
He was a sight to see.

It's times like these that stay
in a mother's memory.

He loved the lakes and streams
For the fish they grew,

And God's big blue sky
Where the wild geese flew.

Then, at the time of the year
He loved the best,

When mid-autumn came
To our big Golden West . . .

The Lord came to take him
One night in late autumn snows.

Now Frank is sleeping in the hills
he loved.

Nearby, where the Klamath Riv-
er flows.

In her fast fleeing years, the one
thing

This mother knows is
That she'd gladly gave her life

If only God had spared his.
"Mother"

Marjorie E. Jones,
2535 Bly St.,
Klamath Falls, Ore.

FRIENDSHIP

We are an Air Force family . . .
We travel near and far.

And now we live in Klamath
Falls

Where all our New Friends are!

Now, Old Friends are for cher-
ishing . . .

Across the many miles,
While New Friends cheer our

daily life
With welcome, warming smiles.

How glad the heart where Friend-
ship

Is an active, living thing!
Oh, Friendship gives to Air Force

folk
A happy song to sing!

Let's sing a song to Friend-
ship . . .

To Good Friends . . . Old and
New . . .

Let's sing a song to Klamath
Falls . . .

Where "Welcome Bells" ring
true!

Mary Adams Phillips

OREGON'S MOUNTAINS

All these majestic mountains!
All of this beauty to see!

How can I let a petty thought
Grow large, to trouble me . . . ?

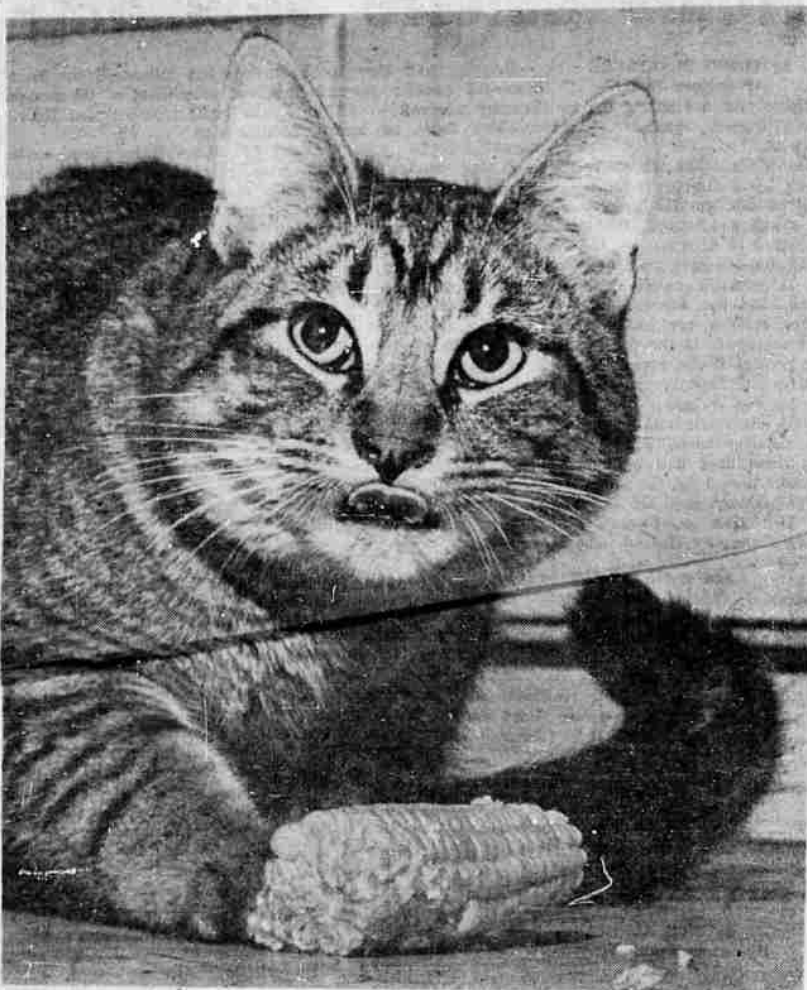
Oh, let me not be troubled . . .
Or ever sore afraid . . .

Let me match my thoughts to
the mountains . . .

To this Beauty that God has
made!

Mary Adams Phillips

Cats Are Eccentric, Too!



CORN ON THE COB is one of many strange dishes that suits Scrooge fine, as his expression here shows plainly. He belongs to Mrs. Gene Stokley, 423 North Tenth Street. Though cloaked with a beautiful, but undistinguished brindie pattern, Scrooge has a touch of Siamese in him, says Mrs. Stokley. She, her husband—a Johns-Manville Company employe, and their children, Rebecca, 18, and David, 14, came here from Fort Worth 2½ years ago following a series of vacation trips through the west.

—Photo by Don Kettler.



A GOURMET IN THE CAT WORLD, Scrooge, handsome alley-type pet of Mrs. Gene Stokley, 423 North Tenth Street, dives into one of his favorite delicacies—corn on the cob. He eats anything palatable, including sauerkraut, says Mrs. Stokley, and even plays with the family dog, "Penney," a chow. —Photo by Don Kettler.

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